THE CARMELITE

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CITY COUNCIL ZONES ITS OWN

The City Council now takes matters of city planning into its own hands. On Monday evening it gave its consent to the drafting by City Attorney Campbell of a zoning ordinance for Carmel. The city clerk was thereupon instructed to request of the City Planning Commission that it refrain from further action until this had been done, the zoning ordinance drafted by Planning Consultant Cheney having been referred to the City Attorney for legal consideration. Are we to infer from this that the City Planning Commission is out of a job?

Other action taken by the Council at its last meeting included the awarding of contract for the paving of San Carlos to J. O. O'Connor of Monterey, at a price of $34,335.80.

A resolution of sympathy to the family of Judge Fred A. Treat, who met death in an automobile accident last Saturday evening, was passed.

Charles Guth, who has been traffic officer during the summer, was appointed night policeman in Carmel with hours from ten to six. It is therefore suggested that burglars or other malefactors commit their depredations at hours other than these.

A PORTRAIT OF THE MAHATMA

The first portrait for which Gandhi has ever posed. It is the work of the Hindu artist Amaraskara, and is now in Paris. This is the first reproduction in any American paper.

GANDHI

He came as the other came
(The story is always the same)
He spake the word the others spake,
(Their call is ever the same)
The call to the many men:
"Awake!"

And the many heard the prophet's word,
(We always hear, we of the herd)
But the few heard too, the best, the worst,
And they did what they always do,
They woke and they acted
First.

So Gandhi sits there on his mat,
Where all the prophets before him sat,
A helpless, harmless, God-sent fact.
Look, see, feel, if you can, for that
Is the fate of us many men
Who gladly hear but never
Act.

The City . . .

WOMEN IN POLITICS

Herbert Hoover will have the active and ardent support in Carmel of Miss Helen Rosencrans and her cohorts in the newly-organized Woman's Hoover club, who will hold luncheons on Mondays at the Pine Inn to discuss the virtues of their nominee, together with ways and means of impressing these on the mind of the public.

FOR CITY PLANNERS

City executives and others concerned with the planning and administration of communities, will be interested in the conference on City Planning and Administration to be held in the latter part of this month at Santa Barbara. There will be three days of lectures, discussion, and round table conferences. The Carmelite will publish a fuller announcement of the program next week.

DEPLORABLE LACK OF FIGHTING MORALE AMONG THE JOURNALISTS

However cold may be the official relationships among news periodicals on the peninsula, there is an appalling lot of fraternising between the lines. While editors-in-chief may, in all their glory, frequent different restaurants, the Junior Press Table at Lincoln Inn presents a jocund spectacle.

There you come upon the advertising manager of the Pine Cone, together with the business manager of the Carmelite and a reporter from the Pine Cone, conducting a discreet uproar of mirth, the dish being well salted by the sprightly repartee of none other than the local reporter of the Peninsular Daily Herald. If it really IS professionally necessary for them to believe one another the scum of the earth, then they are shockingly violating the ethics of the profession.

Now if editors would only take the trouble to stop writing editorials against one another, and hobnob together as man to man. . . . . .

NOTES AND NEWS

Among the world's needed inventions listed by British patentees are a collapsible umbrella to fit into a pocket; an unpuncturable pneumatic tire; rubberized fabric for heels, toes and soles of hosiery, and a clear name plate for streets that can be easily read by night or day.

STEFFENS TO SPEAK

On Sunday evening the people of the peninsula will again have the opportunity of hearing a distinguished speaker as the guests of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Lincoln Steffens, at the Carmel Playhouse, will lecture on How Wars Are Made.

Mr. Steffens is a veteran journalist of the greatest political sophistication, both civic and international. He has gone as a newspaper correspondent to discuss matters of peace and war with Mussolini, in Italy; with Lenin, in Russia; with the leaders of revolutions in Mexico. He was a friend of Roosevelt; and friend, too, of radicals, millionaires, corrupt political bosses, members of Rotary Clubs, and liberals the world over.

In early days, as an editor of McClure's Magazine, then in its glory, he dug into the dirt of the truth, and unburied the shame of our cities, the corruptions underlying many of our most hallowed institutions. The facts he disclosed made many citizens for the first time aware that a senator, a mayor, a railroad owner, are not one of God's elect incapable of wrong, but simply human beings. And that even a judge, sacred though his robes may be, and protected by law from unflattering comment, may in his way have his little failings. He found systems, and the political or economic conditions of things, the cause of corruption. And though he was called a muckraker, he actually came to an exceedingly heartening conclusion,—that it is not the heart of man which is corrupt, but the system which conditions him. Steffens has a gift for what we may call creative tolerance. When he returned from Russia, after the revolution, audiences crowded halls in Chicago, in New York, in Los Angeles, to hear him, because of his genius for interpretative insight. So also when they needed to understand what was really going on in Mexico. They knew they couldn't trust the newspapers. He knew it too, having edited a New York daily. The Women's International League is proud to present Mr. Steffens in this lecture, which is open to all.

The brain within its groove
Runs evenly and true;
But let a splinter swerve,
'T were easier for you
To put the water back
When floods have slit the hills,
And scooped a turnpike for themselves,
And blotted out the mills!

—Emily Dickinson.

THE CARMELITE CALENDAR

October

4 **Lecture**—Monterey High School Auditorium. Wm. J. Cooper, State Superintendent of schools. "Important Amendments to State Law on Educational Administration."

5 **Lecture-recital**—by D. Rudhyar, modernist composer. Residence of the C. Summer Greenes

7 **Divine Services**—All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science at 11:00 a. m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a m.

CARMEL WOMAN'S CLUB SECTION

4 **Garden**—10 A. M. Subject, "Flowers in Shady Places." Residence of Mrs. J. K. Lynch.

10 **Book Section**—10 A. M. Residence of Mrs. I. N. Ford, Junipero and 11th.

17 **Art Section**—Lantern Slide Lecture. Residence of Mrs. James K. Lynch.

CARMEL WOMAN'S CLUB

The first winter meeting of the Carmel Woman's Club was held on Tuesday after a luncheon at the Pine Inn. Fifty-four members and guests present. Mrs. Nye the president, introduced Mrs. Ednah Aiken, San Francisco novelist and author of "Love and I."

The gist of Mrs. Aiken's talk is that this country is a formula-ridden nation. Especially in regard to modern literature, she said, writers, editors and even book reviewers are guilty of formula habits.

"The better book has a double intention" said the speaker, "It is built on several planes. Plot is the first plane, the second plane is point of view, and the third is energy of the human wish. The great scientific laboratories of the future will tell us how to place our wishes."

Mrs. M. D. Harris who was to speak on Pacific Relations could not be present.

LOW TIDE

Tides are low these days on the Carmel sands, and the ocean's spread very thin. From a distance the kelp beds, with white gulls resting here and there upon them, gleaming silver in the sunlight, suggest water lily pads,—until suddenly one of the water lilies spreads a lazy sail and skims away.

These heavy beds of kelp are a part of our protection against tidal waves. Government service supervises their cutting for industrial use in the manufacture of potash. But Carmel kelp proves low in potash, so that its only use, in addition to that of landscape decoration and its probable enjoyment of its own life for life's sake, is in the excellent material it provides, when the tides have washed it up, for the play of imaginative children.

Carmel News

JACK MULGARDT'S COMPANION IN DIFFICULT RECOVERY

William Cromwell, who shared with Jack Mulgardt the fatal airplane crash in the Carmel Valley last week, lies in the hospital at Monterey with a broken body, doing, as the hospital authorities report, "as well as might be expected." Although specific reports as to fractures in the spinal column, the leg, the skull, are disheartening, the hope of life has increased. Some day we shall hear the tale of it all from him.

RETURN OF AN ARTIST

Dene Denny is again at her Steinway. This is good to hear,—for a year of executive activity with the Theatre of the Golden Bough, had very nearly silenced her instrument. Now, freed from the anguishes and anxieties of the artist struggling at the box office end of art, she becomes once more one of the few distinguished modernists of the piano on the Pacific Coast. She is to open the Fortnightlies, the most modern of the season's concert series, in San Francisco next month.

DECLINE OF INTELLIGENCE IN CARMEL

If Edward Kuster, owner of the Theatre of the Golden Bough, must sacrifice an ideal and allow a theatre built for high purposes to fall into the hands of the purveyors of commercial amusement, this is because not five hundred people in the peninsula shared this ideal with him sufficiently to subscribe six dollars each to it.

If now the people of Carmel were given a mental test in civic-aesthetic intelligence.....?

A "FIELD DAY" ON THE SHORE

By Elinor Smith.

The last child of the little group of six tots from barely five to the dignified age of ten has been gathered and we are on our joyous way to "The Point." The "Color Game" enlivens the trip in the little old car: "I see something red." shouts Chappie. "Geraniums!" cries Doris. "No" says Chappie. "Those fuchsias," says Homer. "Yes" says Chappie, "now it's your turn, Homer." "I see something blue," he states. "Blue daisies" suggests Chappie; "That lobelia by the fence!" from Carleton; "The blue hills!" from thoughtful Ginnie. To each of these Homer says "No" "The blue sky!" triumphantly shouts Bob, all ready with an "I see a —" for his turn.

But here we are at the glorious dashing surf and the rocky shore, with wee sand beaches, where many exquisite tiny shells are found, tucked obscurely here and there at the bases of the ragged rocky promontories.

Everyone scrambles out and down over the rocks, barely pausing to taste again the spruce-pitchy "gum" of the "good-for-colds-and-for-poison-oak" grindelia buds, or to gather a few "Indian figs."

"How do rocks grow?" is the simple sounding question of a five-year old. Little shrieks of excitement now proclaim the joyous discovery of small square-bodied rock crabs peering with bright, bepegged eyes from crevices, or the waving tentacles of the gay sea anemones, or perhaps a wee "toy" starfish, under the mats of olive green rockweed.

"Come quick! see what I've found!" comes from all directions. Answering questions, keeping count of the little flock, keeps the Leader busy. There goes small Chappie, just vanishing behind a huge boulder, overtaken as he trots nimbly up a barnacle bedotted rock: "I'm no barnacle" he flashes—"I don't keep still one minute!"

THE BOY SCOUTS IN FULL GLORY

THE PARADE

There was an imposing traffic array, two well-known cops on their motorcycles and Gus between them on his horse. A bored military band, a circus master in red, a pink ape on a bike, a large blue band of small boys out of step . . . Girl Scouts in step. Boy Scouts, cowboys, "Karmel Jazz Music," with the town's "best" in automobiles. The Bolshevik Fire Department with a bomb smoking on the end of a long stick.

THE CIRCUS

Crowds of little heads, blond, brunette, tow-heads, red-heads. Jazz, excitement. Frank Sheridan off-stage getting a kick out of it. Two tiny children dressed as elders of the gay '90s selling voluminous literature on marriage, namely, "What Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb Think of Marriage" and inside the booklet we found—Nothing.

Master of Ceremonies, why are you so shy? Why don't you go out in the middle of the ring and bully the crowd along? Perhaps you are just a debutante in the business.

Other memories. The man who during the egg and spoon stunt on horseback kept a lighted cigarette in his mouth . . . the man who cheated because he held the egg and spoon in a cupped hand . . . children laughing . . . the bored Army band leader . . . Elliott Durham's purple tie . . . dogs with official red ribbons . . . riders roping . . . the professional black horse lending an air of business to the show . . . the pie orgy . . . two cowboys stopping to talk while chewing pie . . . Charlie of the Abalone League impersonating a hungry bear while eating pie crust.

Personal Bits . .

BEARDED PATRIARCH RECEIVES PLAUDITS

On Sunday last Mr. George Blackman turned the corner of his seventy-fifth year to the sound of applause from friends, and of a horde of children and grandchildren.

When we inquired of the venerable sage as to what he ascribed the glory of what would, in bygone days, have been called "his declining years," Mr. Blackman flashed a naughty look and suddenly became mum as an oyster.

"To freedom from publicity," he then said; and we could see him giving a silent once-over to some wicked, wicked, past!

Otherwise we should have been inclined to attribute much of his youthful quality to that ironical twinkle in his eye.

* * * *

Helen Deusner has returned from a week in the San Mateo-Palo Alto region, where she is to design several gardens.

* * * *

Cedric Rowntree who has been in Estes Park all summer working at various jobs has returned to his home at the Highlands. He came home all the way on a bus in order to save money for feed for his horse.

* * * *

Ella Winter has gone to San Francisco for a few days and will speak before the San Francisco Center of the California League of Women Voters on Oct. 3rd. Her subject is "What America can teach Europe."

* * * *

Paul Dougherty the painter, is back in Carmel from a week in San Francisco. Mrs. Dougherty is staying in a home in a home in the City for a few weeks.

* * * *

Lincoln Steffens spoke in Fresno yesterday on "The Bankruptcy of Liberalism."

SUNSET SCHOOL

LIST OF TEACHERS 1928-9

O. W. Bardarson, Principal
Miss Mary Powers, Eighth Grade
Miss Genevive Swain, Seventh Grade
Elliot Evans, Fifth and Sixth Grades
Miss Caroline Wood, Fourth and Fifth Grades
Mrs. Frances Farley, Third Grade
Miss Marian Ohm, Second Grade
Mrs. Jettie Tuthill, First Grade
Mrs. Grace T. Johnson, Kindergarten
Miss Elizabeth Ayer, Music
Miss Jean Wallace, Physical Education
Ernest Calley, Manual Training
Miss Elinor Smith, Nature Study.

People . . .

THROWING THEIR KEYS AWAY

As a former newspaperman, I sensed a good story in the fact that a law associate had thrown the keys of his office away and had established himself as a blacksmith at Carmel.

I wrote the story and a newspaper furnished the photographer, who took pictures of my friend at his forge, with his dog and with his favorite saddle horse. As a result of the published story the ex-lawyer received dozens of letters from men in all parts of the United States begging him to allow them to join him and work in the blacksmith shop. Some of the writers were professional men, some married, but all of them totally dissatisfied with life.

This same ex-lawyer, now a blacksmith, noticed one day a high-power car roll up to his shop, and a man who later proved to be a millionaire stepped from the machine and strode up to the anvil. He explained that he desired my friend to design and make heavy wrought iron gates for the entrance of his country mansion and handsome iron fences to encircle his entire property. But the blacksmith merely shook his head and declined the contract. Pressed for a reason, he explained that he had come down to Carmel to avoid worry and anxiety—that he would have to hire extra men; and with dignified thanks he declined to consider taking the work.

This embryo blacksmith might be thought by some as a lazy man. But in San Francisco he maintained expensive offices and was at times at his wits' end to meet his heavy expenses. Today he owns his own little cottage and in his pursuit of happiness has gained what he was striving for.

Down in the quaint little hamlet of San Juan, directly across the road from the famous San Juan Bautista Mission, is the Plaza Hotel. It is an adobe building fully a hundred years old. This old hostelry is managed by a former auto racing driver who for several years was in the front page stories of the newspapers—when he was cracking the records on the oval tracks. But the whirl and excitement palled on him and he withdrew from public notoriety to settle in this quaint little spot. He is extremely happy now greeting his patrons—those who come down there to seek a rest and to miss for awhile the noise and discordant sounds of the great city. "Well-well, how are you?" he will exclaim as he helps you carry your bags into the hotel. "Don't be in a hurry to get back to work" he continues. "I have planned a great fishing trip. I know a stream that is just full of dandy trout. We will have an excursion right up in the mountains—lunch at noon under the shady trees—glad you came—glad you came—you are just in time for the trip."

Now this auto racing wizard that was, is also not lazy. He is just naturally an out-door man and was in pursuit of happiness and struck it. He guards the quail of San Juan from the ravages of the chicken hawk, is a deputy sheriff and deputy game warden. Woe betide the criminal who disregards his commands to throw up his hands when ordered to! Yet he is gentle, and encourages the little children to come with their toys and play on the shady piazza of the hotel. His only command to the youngsters is "Don't play near that Winchester rifle—it's loaded, kids—and you might stumble against it and get hurt."

He has had many agents call on him and attempt to induce him to resume his dangerous and adventurous living, but he just shakes his head and the tempter has to return his contract to his pocket unsigned.

Over where I live in the Italian quarter of San Francisco, there is an old bachelor who has several meadow larks for pets. In the morning he hangs them out in their cages in the back garden. The wild birds throw themselves against the bars of their cages attempting to force their way to freedom. On the top of the cages gather city sparrows. These sparrows try every conceivable way to work themselves into these very cages and to surrender their liberty.

And George Cohan entitled one of his popular songs, "So life's a funny proposition after all."

—Sidney P. Robertson.

A STORY

This story is about a man and a woman who somehow seem to deserve writing about.

For years a Baptist preacher, he had married, with an inevitability of choice which is refreshing, and in due and unrestrained course had eight children. He had a salary of $2500 a year, with a wife who knew exactly how to manage and he considered himself affluent. All would have been well; but theological doubts assailed him. Salvation was not free enough. I think the native kindliness of him led him to see that what his church said was not at all what Jesus meant. And so, he resigned his charge, and found work in an iron foundry at $4.00 a day. On Sundays and Wednesday nights, he and his family foregathered with others of the same belief, and earnestly strove to search and know the meaning of the gospel—the pure gospel—.

I saw them some few years later, when there were twelve children—all wholesome, busy, harmonious. Their son had done some gardening for me; I liked him; he told me of his family. I asked if his mother would like some day to come and look over clothes and scrap-bags with me, and perhaps we'd find some things she could use for the children. She came, such an alert and happy little body, who looked about thirty-five years old. We found boxes full of things—sometimes it would be "But that would be so nice for your Mary, you must let me fix it for her." When the boxes were ready to take over "Father" came to get them with such kindness and dignity. I shall not forget the beaming look they gave each other; I have not ceased to ponder the miracle.

—Helen Deusner.

THE ARGUS
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Live News and Reviews of Coast Art Activities
JUNIUS CRAVENS, Editor-in-Chief
Read in the October Issue:
"The Tragedy of Diego Rivera"
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Thurs. and Fri. Oct. 4th and 5th
JOHN BARRYMORE in
"THE TEMPEST"
Saturday, Oct. 6th
BRET THOMPSON in
"KIT CARSON"
Sunday, Oct. 7th
SYD CHAPLIN in
"THE FORTUNE HUNTER"
On the stage: 5 ACTS OF
GOLDEN STATE VAUDEVILLE
Mon. and Tues., Oct. 8th and 9th
JANET GAYNOR and
CHARLES FARRELL in
"STREET ANGEL"
E. C. HOPKINS AT THE ORGAN

Gardens . . .

WHAT TO DO IN YOUR GARDEN

Above everything don't be late with your bulb planting. From now on spring-flowering bulbs not in the ground are deteriorating and the results will be shorter stems and poorer flowers. So get the garden ready by clearing up.

The pruning of evergreen shrubs is worth a little thinking out. On no account leave this to the hap-hazard shears of the day-laborer whose object is to cut down everything to size. Cut back hard all rampant growers such as Escallinia, Veronica, Coprosuna, etc.; others by a more selective process heading back and cutting out old flowering wood to stimulate growth. Consider the natural habit of each variety. Berry-bearing shrubs can be attended to a little later when their fruits are useful for decoration.

Deciduous shrubs will have been cut back when they finished blooming. If this has not been done the spring wealth of bloom will be lacking. This applies also to flowering fruits. Do not prune these in autumn.

Dig a trench in some screened-off corner where all pruning, grass clippings, and leaves can be thrown. Add to this wood ashes and any old soil from pits. Watering when opportunity presents will hasten decomposition. The addition of some bone meal from time to time will enrich the mass which will help out when borders are being renewed and so save more costly manures.

Sow seeds of such flowers as Godetis, Clarkia, Alyssum, Calendula, Pansy, etc. —all California wild flowers. Plant out stocks for winter and early flowering.

—Jane Todd.

BITTTERSWEET

Bittersweet is a name most commonly given to the bright red-and-orange fruited vine that reaches its full glory in autumn and figures prominently in winter bouquets says the Science News-Letter.

The true bittersweet is a member of the nightshade family, together with potatoes, tomatoes, eggplant, tobacco, ground-cherry and a host of other familiar and useful plants.

It would be carrying a joke too far, however, to call attention to the fact that the bittersweet is poisonous. Its leaves and green fruits contain an alkaloid related to nicotin, which in much attenuated doses soothes the nerves of humans but in more concentrated form is used to slaughter insects. This poisonousness apparently extends to most of its kindred, for even the leaves of tomatoes and potatoes have been known to sicken livestock reckless enough to eat them.

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Music . . .

ELECTRICAL MUSIC IS UPON US

It is quite interesting to note how a practical revolution always follows or is simultaneous with the presentation of new philosophical conceptions which people usually brand as unpractical and meaningless. This is especially exemplified in the case of the musical revolution which is baffling minds today. Some ten years ago the writer printed articles dealing with "continuous melody" and the synthetic production of tones the quality of which could be varied at will; ever since lectures have been given dealing with the meaning of various scales and with problems which to practically all musicians were no problems at all, confined as they were within the realms of key-board instruments and our usual notation.

The practical revolution brought about by electrical instruments like those of Theremin in Russia, of Martinot and others in France, is showing how important these problems are. Now that these instruments can produce at will any tone-color, any interval and scale we may imagine, it becomes essential to find out some sort of principles or laws which can save us from utter chaos, from complete musical anarchy. Music will be written, is being written, for these instruments; already Theremin is beginning to teach the use of his Theremin-Vox, to form orchestras of them, to evolve devices by which not only our usual European scales, but old Greek and Oriental scales may be exactly performed. There is hardly any limit to what might be done. Thus we must think out very thoroughly what ought to be done; and that means the rebirth of musical philosophy, a fundamental reconsideration of matters which have seemed settled ever since Pythagoras; that means that musicians will need intelligence again,—a most revolutionary fact!

What are these electrical instruments? They may differ in mechanisms, but the principle is always the same. It is the principle of the phonograph and the radio: An electrical current, the intensity of which can be made to vary at will, ends in a loud speaker which transforms into sounds the electrical impulses. A sound is characterized by pitch (number of vibrations per second) first of all. So many vibrations per second of the sound are produced by so many oscillations per second in the electrical current reaching the loud speaker. The intensity of the electrical current corresponds to the intensity or loudness of the sound. The quality of the sound, its timbre, being due to the number and strength of its overtones, (roughly speaking) all that is needed to reproduce synthetically such a

timbre is to couple in the required proportion several electrical generators each of which will give out one overtone. The loud speaker will sound out the synthesis of all these sounds brought to it as electrical impulses.

Theremin's apparatus is spectacular in the sense that he uses gestures of the hand coming near to or receding from a sort of antenna to produce variations of electrical current, and thus variations of pitch in the sounds produced by the loud speaker. The young and elegant Russian has taken the European capitals by storm, has played in New York, even with the Stadium orchestra, and is opening a school to teach his instrument. Stokowski just returning from France has spoken most enthusiastically of Martinot's instruments whose technic is quite different; and he ventured to say that the men of his orchestra were soon to use the new instruments for which music was being written.

It all sounds as if the musical gods were to have a pretty hard time adjusting themselves to electricity, and might find trouble in dealing with short circuits instead of cracking vocal chords!

One thing is of special importance to the thoughtful musician. For the first time in centuries Eastern music may be interpreted through Western instruments. These electrical wonders can bridge the chasm between European and Oriental music. They may become a powerful agency of internationalism. That alone may show the importance of the revolution accomplished. —D. Rudhyar.

RUDHYAR RETURNS

The lecture by D. Rudhyar last Thursday on "The Sacrament of Tone" was intensely interesting. He proved that the significance of tone is not merely a musical one, but that it is concerned with the very essence of life and living. His profound insight into the problems of life and the clarity with which he discussed them revealed a mind accustomed to wide fields of vision. Music, to him, has meaning only in terms of life. If it is not sacred and magical in the true sense of the words it is comparatively valueless. After the lecture he played several of his own compositions, among which was one of outstanding beauty and strength called "Creator." This is the first time he has played it in Carmel.

There will be one more lecture-recital given by Mr. Rudhyar before he goes East. It will be at the Greene Studio, Lincoln and 13th, at 8:15 Friday, Oct. 5th.

Young friend, you worship the god of the sunshine. With passion you clamor for health, joy, power.

But I know the greater One of the darkness, the Rain-god that is compassionate, tender, old. . .that washes away the dirt and the mirage of the dazzling sun.

—D. Rudhyar.

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Editorials . . .

LET'S BOTH LIVE

The last thing this paper intended to do was to hurt the Pine Cone and we had no thought that we were doing so till last week he "hollered 'nough.'" We are sorry if we are licking or even threatening the good old paper. Honestly, we didn't know we were fighting, and we don't know it now. Some of us on the Carmelite are veteran newspaper men; we have been in newspaper fights before and one foul thrust from the Pine Cone tapped the sleeping gland we used to fight with.

It is all very well for the Pine Cone to ask us to die in order that they may live, but to appeal to the advertisers to boycott and kill us— When we read that, we contemplated for just one thrilling moment the prospect of a war to end war, a war for exclusive journalistic existence in this territory. It is rich in unpublished "news"; there would be public service and artistic joy in the proper muck-raking of the Monterey Peninsula,—and beyond. It offers a great opportunity, in a political-newspaper sense, and would undoubtedly result in the improvement of the newspapers, politics, and business hereabouts. We are indeed tempted.

LET'S NOT FIGHT—

But we are against war. There is a much nicer way to do what is to be done here. And the better way is precisely that which the Pine Cone objects to: the children's way. Let us play around in our sweet innocence. We won't make much noise; you may see, you need not hear us; except now and then, when we ask you old grown-ups a question as to why this is not done and that left undone. Then you might answer us, as best you can. True, we might break something, mess up the house when you have just got it all right and tidy for yourselves; children are trouble. But you love children, don't you?

You must in Carmel. This is a kids' town. We read that in a dairy advertisement the other day and it's a fact. Carmel is a place people come to partly for their childrens' sake, partly for their own. It is a play place. Frank Powers told us he founded it as that; he brought poets and painters here to make it so and so it is. And Carmelites should be glad and proud of it, and never forget it. That slogan should be the key-note of its politics, its business and its city planning. Carmel is the village of childhood, first and second and in between. For whether we make castles in the sand on the beach, play upon the amateur stage, paint pictures, form images in mud or clay, sing songs, dance dances, tell tales, play politics, run shops or even newspapers, we the people of Carmel are, and we should know that we are, children at play, laughing, happy, absurdly busy at our simple games. We of the Carmelite would have all the world like that, but since that could not be, we came to Carmel where, we were told, it was and always had been so. And now—

LET'S ALL PLAY

But this is nothing to fight over or cry over or to die for. The Pine Cone understands and has stood for this. We asked an old resident what sort of a chap Perry Newberry was, that he should say what he did about us. "Doesn't he ever play?" we asked. "Play?" came the answer, "Play? He plays more than you do." So he must stand for play, and the town has and will stand for it. We respect Carmel and the Pine Cone but we don't want to die for them, not right away.—We can't, voluntarily. We have contracts that run for awhile, but even when they expire, WE would rather not. And it cannot be necessary. We believe that the people here will be willing to read two weekly papers. We don't, like the theatre companies, appear on the same day. And as for the advertisers, they might not divide, they may find it to their advantage to double their advertising by using both papers. They certainly will if the Pine Cone will take itself, and induce its advertisers and its readers to take, the interest we take and teach in the service, the art, and the news value, of our advertising columns.

LET'S NOT DIE

There is a good old cliche which sums up our idea: Live and let live. But we mean LIVE.

OUR LOCAL POLITICS

Some well-meaning citizens have been coming into our office to ask us to denounce J. L. D. Roberts, as a bad man and to acclaim Major A. A. Carruthers as a good man for Supervisor. We refused; we refuse, absolutely, and we will say why. There are no bad men. There are no men or women in this village, there are no men or women in the world worse than we are and, knowing this, we shall never be caught judging anybody, not even ourselves.

And, by the same token, there are no good men. There are no men or women anywhere any better than we are, and, now that you, our readers, know this, you will not ever catch us setting up some good man as better than some other man for office or for anything else. We deny then that Dr. Roberts is a bad man. We deny that Major Carruthers is a good or even a better man. This we allege without knowing either of them personally.

And also without the proper knowledge we suspect that there is a difference of opinion among the voters of the community as to which is the better policy to further with regard to the work of the two rivals: Dr. Roberts or Major Carruthers.

We don't know enough to judge in that. We should, but it takes time really to know enough to advise others how to vote even in a simple local proposition. But the principle that should guide the voter is clear and universal.

If what Dr. Roberts is on record as doing in office is what the voters wanted and want done, vote for him; without trying to guess his policies or his character.

If, on the other hand, his course was not satisfactory, and Major Carruthers promises to act the way you prefer, vote for Major Carruthers, without trying to judge the worth of his work or his character.

APPALLING INCREASE OF SOCIALISM IN THE SOUTHERN STATES

The only vehicular bridge across the Mississippi at Memphis was damaged by fire recently. Steamboat owners took advantage of this to charge exorbitant rates for ferrying automobiles across. The state stepped in and is running a free ferry at a cost to it of six hundred dollars a day. Steamboat owners are considerably peeved.

"One of the lesser literary lights of the state, refers to literature and politics as the two great cottage industries which have made the state famous."

* * * *

It is estimated that from 10 to 100 meteorites flash into our atmosphere from space each day.

SOME MUCK FOR MUCKRAKERS

There is mystery and grave doubt about the intention and the effect of the Kellogg Peace treaties. Naturally. Our State Department and the departments of foreign affairs of other governments negotiated and are signing them; and no one is disarming. Of course not. Of course we are all suspicious. The whole world is getting onto these secretive gentlemen who represent their peoples in their international relations. These perfect gentlemen have a way of getting us into wars that cost us our best boys and we never know just why. What are they up to now? They are liars by profession, so we can't trust them. Of course, since we cannot know, we are wondering about that Kellogg Pact.

* * * *

Some of the national liberal weeklies are wondering, politely, over a loan by American rubber men to Liberia, the backward negro Republic of Liberia. So, no doubt, are the poor negro Liberians. The loan is a part of a business deal to get rubber, and that is all right. Business is business. But English capital is in Liberia for the same purpose: to get rubber to compete with us. There is a possibility of a clash of interests. And that is all right too. American and British and other foreign businessmen could fight out or settle a conflict of interests if they had to; it might be good practice for them and improve and expand our business relations the world over. But our State Department seems to have put some sort of an O. K. on this American loan, the British Government backs up its businessmen abroad, the French the French traders etc. That is the way empires come and go and grow and clash in our day. Not missionaries now, not the army and navy first; that was the old way of conquest. The new way is to let your business men go abroad, force a mortgage on the country to be taken, then have the government collect the interest on the loan or the loan itself with the marines and if the natives kick, back up business with the army and navy. See Nicaragua today. The State Department is planting in Liberia the seeds of a passive war in and for Africa.

* * * *

Why are we all so polite with the State Department? It's a heap of muck. If there ever is a revival of muckraking in this country, it should start in this, the rottenest branch of our government (of other governments, too, but never mind the others). We have had a glimpse of the muck in the Department of the Interior; there is a record of crime in and against the Department of Justice (save the mark!); there is some graft in certain other departments; many state governments are ripe for the picking and, as for the city governments and their police departments, the daily newspapers are reporting their murderous graft. That is where a novice would begin, no doubt. But the mightiest mess of living and dead muck in these United States is in our department of foreign affairs, with its polite diplomatic and dirty espionage service, and its threats of war. The essence and the effect of political corruption is to make government represent Business instead of the Common Good of the people, and the State Department is utterly suborned by High Finance. Its acts and methods are secret, its means are lies, spies, crimes, and its risks and ends are war and empire. It is so corrupt, this pretentious department, that the perfect gentlemen in it don't know that they and their wretched work are crooked and dangerous. It isn't shame and fear that makes diplomacy secretive. Started by instinct, diplomatic secrecy is continued as a custom by force of habit. No mere revealer of facts could show these gentlement their rottenness; a philosopher or a child would have to explain to them how that they are liars, crooks, spies, traitors. The nature and the routine of the State Department are so mean that only educated gentlemen would stoop to do it, even "for their country." Pretty fierce? Well, in order that these perfect gentlemen in our department of foreign affairs may know that the writer of this editorial is no lady, it shall be signed right here.

—Lincoln Steffens.

DUEL SCARS

By an American student in Germany.

Every middle-priced photograph store in a University town has its array of student pictures displayed in the window. Wandering along the street no one who had nothing to do could help noticing them. Jaunty little Fraternity caps set on the side of the heads. Some full length with saber and fencing outfit—padding and protection for every part of the body but the face.

We wander on down the street. Coming toward us on the other side of the street are a bunch of young fellows with those same caps only not in the plain black and white of the photographs, but with the brilliant colors of the order to which the group belongs. As with one motion all the caps rise, are stretched out to arm's length and, after a bow from the owner, are replaced. It is a formal salute to some other member of the house or to a friend of the group accross the way. They pass with heads high and give an impression of scorn for all those poor folk that are not as they.

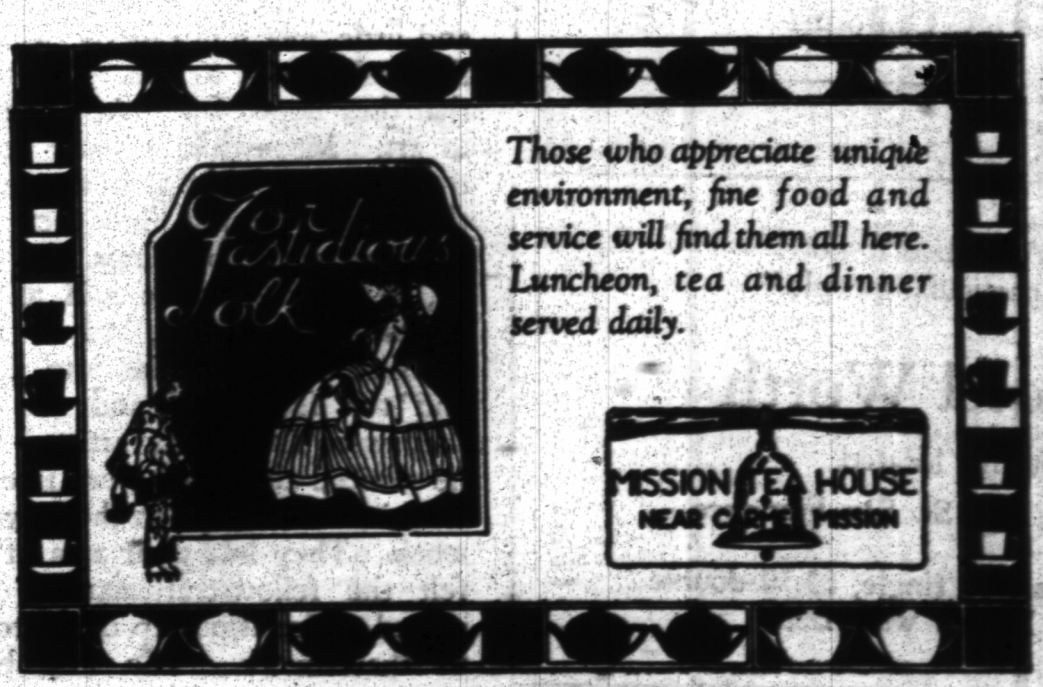
The last pair look like very timid young boys, so timid that one wonders how they could stand up before a friend to be carved, even if it did mean the acquisition of a beautiful scar. We discuss the force that motivates such bravery.

A student friend comes to lunch and we talk of duels. With considerable pride he tells that he has been in fifteen duels with friends and enemies. He was scarred in his first duel and that was considered a draw. Thereafter he won every fight. When asked how he provoked so many battles he answered that most of them were started when he was drunk and when he insulted some one. But the fraternity judges did not allow him to fight seven others!

It seems that before a man can be fully admitted to a Corps he must have fought several duels, six I think; then he may retire for the rest of his career. He may flinch twice but the third time he is dishonorably discharged from the organization. That would be disgrace.

On a second trip to the photographer's window we looked more closely. Yes, every picture was so posed that all the best scars showed up clearly. The tilt of the cap was accentuated, the hair was clipped short so that a particular wound would show. One photograph was touched up a bit and very poorly done too to show a slight mark that otherwise might go unnoticed.

It takes a good man to bear his battle marks without offence to others, and fortunately there are many. About as many as there are football heroes that can give an inferior athlete a good time.



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Peter's Paragraphs

Some years ago a botanist, who has crawled on her hands and knees all over California, professionally, was asked what was the most beautiful spot in all this state. She answered like a shot. "Smith Valley," she said, and she told where it was. The Smith River flows from Oregon into California and turns west sharply to run down to the sea. Just before it reaches the coast it passes through a small valley, about thre or four miles long, and that is Smith Valley, the supreme beauty spot of this beautiful state. We told George Best about it last winter. He was excited, said he would surely go there and he did, this summer. He is just back from there, and he says the botanist was right. Smith Valley is a solid stand of redwoods, growing higher and closer together than he has ever seen them before, out of a thick undergrowth of ferns that are as tall as a man. Trees and ferns are in proportion. So George Best has seen Smith Valley, yes, and he said: "I shall see it again, and, I hope, before they put a good road through there and the crowd comes."

* * * *

A laundry advertisement in this paper last week asked, not only for patronage, but for appreciation of how they do their work. That is a mild answer to the arty sneer that there is no art sense in business. The wish for appreciation of how one paints or writes, regardless of what one writes about or paints, is an art wish; the expression of it shows an art sense and the advertisement of it is a declaration of pride in craftsmanship. If patrons of that laundry would show that they know how good their wash is done, that washerman might experience one of the thrills of the artist, feel that he had something in common with the painters, poets and actors of this village and he might do still better work.

* * * *

A sculptor we know went to a big manufacturing plant and his reception amazed him. The employees and the bosses, big and little, met him eagerly, with awe, but the wish to talk to him. He soon learned that they hoped from him to get some key to art. Meanwhile he had been around the plant, seen the precision, care, finish that they had put into their work, the machinery, the buildings, the operations, all, in detail. So he said to them that whatever they did, when they took pleasure and put pains into it, and skill, and the feeling of and for perfection, they were themselves artists. After that he noticed that they were interested, not only in his subjects, in the way he did his work. They lost their awe of him; they felt the fellow-craftsman in him; they sensed the relationship of art to them and to their work. The first bridge was crossed between art and life.

* * * *

In Russia they show the museums to groups of the trades, to carpenters, plumbers, bricklayers, with their wives and children, and the guide talks to his sight-seers in terms of their trade. Art is a part of life, the business of the Russians, no mere mystery. They don't ask what art is over there. They don't know what it is, but they feel what it is; and they go to art shows, to theatres, concerts, operas, as our people go to a base ball game to see how as well as what is done.

* * * *

The financial writers continue to report how the big pools and operators for the rise are cleaning up themselves. That is why they force high prices higher: to get out. And lately these reporters for the insiders are saying that there may be a month more of the bull market, before the inevitable fall in the election year is allowed to occur. By that time Wall Street may have decided between Hoover and Smith and will show it by blaming the drop to fear of the other man's election.

* * * *

It is a privilege to be out of politics and Wall Street so as to watch the show without any but the arty interest to bind you. The trouble is that people won't really watch the game unless they do have a personal interest in it. There is more political and economic truth printed in the financial columns than on the straight news pages. Read the financial articles. But, no, don't. If they learn that the people read what they say, they too will begin to—not exactly lie, but consider their responsibility.

* * * *

A boot-black in San Jose the other day was admitting that business was bad, not all business, but his. Why? "Oh," he said. "They all ride these days, they don't walk, so their shoes don't get dusty and, besides, they don't show. They attend to their tires, but their shoes don't matter."

* * * *

There was a burst of laughter on the street the other day, a hearty, spontaneous shout of it. Wrong. Laughter, as we have said before, should be organized, regular, like college cheers, like everything else, so that we may do it dutifully, lawfully, conscientiously. Laughter unaware is anarchism; joy, gaiety, merriment are hardly respectable. Please don't laugh.

The heart asks pleasure first,
And then, excuse from pain;
And then, those little anodynes
That deaden suffering;

And then, to go to sleep;
And then, if it should be
The will of its Inquisitor,
The liberty to die.

—Emily Dickinson.

IT'S REALLY TRUE ABOUT MEXICO

Lexie Grant, a High School graduate of this year who left Carmel recently to study at Mexico City University, has sent the following letter to the Carmelite:

"We are at present a few minutes distance from where, two nights ago, this train was derailed by bandits who lost their nerve at the last minute fearing the approach of soldiers, but who succeeded in causing the death of three men in the wreckage of the engine. It's really quite thrilling because despite two armored cars at each end of the train filled with soldiers, really for the bandits, it's more than possible I mightn't finish this letter.

"This last week a young Engineer—American—was taken by the bandits and held for a ransom of $20,000. Captain Holmes, the British Consul, having lived here for more than twenty-five years, and having been on friendly terms with every president since Diaz—which certainly indicated diplomacy and tact on his part—has the permanent job of acting as go-between between the bandits and their captives. This young fellow was to have been killed Friday, and the money arrived Thursday night. It appears that these bandits are holding up trains and taking captives for the motive of getting money for the pro-Catholic party; when the bandit is too far away to be interviewed in person, he makes financial arrangements with certain ladies in sympathy with the religion who in turn treaty with the captors. Isn't it unbelievable?

"The wife of the consul described a hold-up. She had been entrusted with five hundred pesos to take to Mexico City from Guadalupe. The sound of bullets announced the arrival of bandits. She looked around qaickly and seeing a matchbox, folded the note and popped it inside and threw it under the seat. Then she awaited the arrival of the chief who made his entrance and, by way of saying hello slashed open the arm of a man in his way and tore quite a few clothes off some women; the bandits ransacked the train unmercifully. The chief came up to her and told her she was a white woman. 'Yes' she said. He asked her where her money was. She said she only had $2.40 with her as she had expected the train to be held up. He was so taken aback with her frankness that it struck his sense of humor and he laughed. He then asked her if she didn't know they took women, besides money. She said yes, that she had heard so, but that she was an Englishwoman and she knew that they would have no use for one, and besides she could see that he was not only a brave man but a gentleman. He swallowed it like a boy, and positively swelled with pleasure. Yes, he said, that was so; she then offered him her two dollars and forty cents. 'No,' he said, 'I

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am a gentleman. Keep it, and buy yourself some candy when you get to Mexico City.' This next is unbelievable and but for the fact that I have been the victim of at least four souvenir hunters myself I wouldn't credit it—he said; 'But I will take this,' and leant over and took out a cheap hat pin she had bought for the train lying beside her on the seat. 'I will keep this,' he concluded, 'as a souvenir of you, something to remember you by.' He then departed with a bow and the train rolled gently on. Mrs. Holmes then picked up the matchbox and took out the 500 pesos.

"I have never seen such marvelous country as in Mexico. The sea coast is hot and damp and tropical, but about a night's distance from the sea the mountains are to be seen. Great wide rolling hills and peaks rivalling the Rockies in grandeur—even the Alps, although there is no snow here. It reminds one of pictures of Wyoming in parts. The coloring is marvellous everywhere, and the flowers are gorgeous. There is so much variety in scenery, mountains, valleys, rolling fields of grain, trees and grass plains and quaint little towns. At every station there is a swarm of men in high Mexican hats and a bright rug over their shoulders, women in black, children by the hundred and pigs by the drove, to meet us. Guadalupe is a very charming place, full of history and color. All I can say of it is that any pictures one has ever seen of the people, their costumes and uniqueness, and any stories one has heard of excitement, or descriptions of places and people are not one bit exaggerated. It's all here, and then some.

"The people are generous and extraordinarily courteous. We have had a great deal of kindness and courtesy shown us by all types we have met. I certainly like them. I will write again from Mexico City when I start school.

"This is a postscript, to tell you about last night. The porter came in and made us all pull down the shades of the windows so as to prevent light being seen, as we entered one of the very dangerous areas—one of the four—along the line. We were in bed by then, and one suitcase was in the aisle. He made us put it under the seat and close the curtains to the last button, informing us in blood-curdling tones that two days ago bandits had entered a Pullman and sacked every thing in their way, and we ran a better chance of saving life and property by 'lying low and saying nuffing' if the train was attacked. Whoopee! We saw the overturned wreck of the train derailed on this line late last night, but so far have come safely through the dangerous places; but both of us are aching to see a live bandit all the same."

UNSELFISHNESS

The scissors had a broken blade and couldn't cut. When I complained, it answered:

"Someone needed to open a drawer that was stuck, and I offered to help.

"My mother always taught me not to think of myself."

* * * * *

The water-soaked compass couldn't register north, when I sought direction; it explained:

"A little boy needed a sinker for his fishing rod; I was just the right weight and offered my services. My mother always taught me that service is the highest duty."

—Tor.

"Propaganda is the art of making up the other man's mind for him"—Professor Dodge of Johns Hopkins University in an article on the "Psychology of propaganda."

Dr. L. O. Howard of the U. S. Bureau of Entomology says that the prevalent opinion of the Age of Man finding its supremacy threatened by the looming of the Age of Insects is not accurate. The world is still in the age of the bugs; the age of man has not yet been established.

Those who are the radicals of one generation become the moderates of the next.

$1,600,000

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As a home it is beautiful;
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And mountains.
(32.20 acres)

A ranch like this that can be had for $15,000 is worth looking at.

250 Pear trees
50 Peach trees
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26 Cherry trees
50 Apple trees
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Persimmon
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Almond trees
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By Garth Jeffers.

Chickens:
5 Light Bramahs, 5 Light Bramah Bantams, 5 Dark Bramahs, 5 Dark Bramah Bantams, 5 Silver Laced Wyandottes, 5 Silver Laced Wyandotte Bantams, 5 White Wyandottes, 5 White Wyandotte Bantams, 5 White Leghorns, etc.
Total 205 Chickens.

Pigeons:
20 pairs Racing Homers (Grooters) 5 pairs African Owls, 5 pairs English Pouters, 5 pairs Pigmy Pouters, 5 pairs Pigmy Fantails, 5 pairs Parlor Rollers, 5 pairs Birmingham Rollers, 5 pairs Tipplers, 5 pairs Runts, 5 pairs Ring-Neck Doves, 5 pairs Mourning Doves, 5 pairs Band-tailed Pigeons.
Total 75 pairs or 150 Pigeons.

Geese:
5 White Chinese, 5 African, 5 Ebden, 5 Toulouse, 5 Wild or Canadian Geese
Total 25 Geese.

Turkeys:
10 Bronze Turkeys, 10 White Hollands, 5 Wild Turkeys, 5 Black, 5 Slate.
Total 35 Turkeys.

Pheasants:
3 Green Pheasants, 3 Kirkiz Mongolians, 3 Eastern Chinese Ring-Necks, 3 Lady Amhersts, 3 Impeyans, 3 Silvers, 3 Gold Pheasants, 3 Japanese Copper Pheasants.
Total 24 Pheasants.

Ruminants:
100 Airshires, 100 Merinos, 5 British-Alpine Goats, 5 Toggenburg, Goats, 2 Italian Goats, 2 Schwartzals. 3 Jerseys.
Total 21.

Horses, Etc.
5 Hunters, 5 Thorough-Breds, 20 Shires, 20 Percherons, 2 Donkeys.
Total 52.

Pigs:
5 Tamworth, 5 Poland-Chinas, 5 Berkshire, 5 Large Whites, 5 Middle White, 5 Little Whites, 5 Large Blacks, 5 Little Blacks.
Total 40

Dogs:
2 Foxhounds, 2 Collies, 2 Greyhounds.
Total 6 Dogs.

Cats:
4 Blue Persians, 4 Common White Cats painted to resemble Tigers.
Total 8.

The Weasel Family:
4 Mink, 4 Marten, 4 Otter, 4 Stoats, 4 Ferrets, 4 Least Weasels.
Total 24.

Big-Cats.
2 Leopards.
Total 2.

Rabbits and Guinea-Pigs:
5 Guinea-Pigs and 5 Rabbits

Macaws:
2 Hyacinthine and 2 Military Macaws.

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Books . . .

DEBONAIR: The Story of Persephone.

By G. B. Stern.

Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1928.

Certain writers and the pot boilers have done to death a young girl's netherworld and the modern generation. Another novel declaring itself modern is apt to contain all the truisms and bromides of a thousand predecessors. Not so G. B. Stern's latest book. Witty, with just enough satire to penetrate, the author has captured one of the "young women of today who flaunts the badges of freedom worn so debonairly by all her generation." And the specimen turns out to be no cheap gin-drinking, man-hunting, nicotine-smelling bromide which so many literary buds label "modern," but a creature avid with appetite for experience, with a will to freedom from home and sanctity. Life, as Loveday Trevelyan said, became "a continual flight from one hell into another."

Brought up an aristocrat, stranded with a sentimental unimaginative mother on the French Riviera, Loveday decided to go to London, teach dancing and indirectly earn her own bread. Early in the game she discovered that office politics take up a good deal of time and that a pirate's loan hand gets a girl further. So she turned to privateering, upon her friends, upon anyone who happened to be near, upon anyone who would hand over bounty. Because she was honest, because she played fair, wisdom came her way in snatches. Wisdom not of an introspective turn, but increasing Loveday's store of weapons in her combat for more pleasures, more good times. A keen shaft was Loveday's mildly shocking yet disarming humor. To her mother, "But just fancy you waiting at the station, in your Slav hat, expecting me to arrive with one of Life's Deeper Experiences in a shawl under my arm!"

DEBONAIR is an amusing tale, a true portrait, and one while not attempting to be impressive, is so.

—Margery Davis.

"BLACK MAJESTY"

By J. W. Vandercook.

(Published by Harper and Brothers, 1928)

In this epoch of heavy biographies, dusty and lengthy tomes fashioned after the style of text books, it is indeed a relief to pick up a book as absorbing as Vandercook's.

Henry Christophe, the gigantically built, illiterate yet dominant Emperor of Haiti is the figure around which an astounding history is woven; a history of importance even if the central figure had been a white man, but doubly interesting because it deals with a man who was probably the most important negro in all history.

Henry first comes to our notice as a waiter in a small inn, when the fall of the Bastile gave him his first oportunity, the position of a sergeant under General Toussaint. In the seven years that follow, Henry is lost to us, emerging as a full-fledged general.

Shortly after the death of Jean Jacques Dessalines, a former general who became the first Emperor of Haiti, Henry became governor. He then proceeded to draw up a constitution, declared Catholicism the official religion of the State, forbade divorce, established the currency and generally aided in stabilizing conditions.

Henry soon saw that in order to gain the respect of the French he must infuse the idea of dignity into his scheme, so he became King Henry I and established a court and retinue. From here on, Henry began the colossal task of re-organizing his kingdom, a task at which he proved more than capable, for soon the fertile lands of Haiti began to pour out rich produce. His palace, "Sans Souci," was remarkably well built, exquisitely furnished in the best of taste, and here the giant negro conducted his affairs.

The distant rumblings of a French invasion beat upon Henry's ears; he ordered the completion of the Citadel la Ferriere, an immense fortress, three thousand feet above the sea level, and practically impregnable.

But Henry had overstepped; he forgot that his people were not endowed with his terrific energy, the drums of discontent were beating more loudly. In a moment of hallucination, Henry was stricken on the stone floor of a church, becoming paralyzed save for his head and arms. The news burned through the Kingdom, the giant had fallen. Here Henry realizes that he is finished. With a rich pride in his tone, he said; "To be great is to be lonely. To be magnificent is to have men hate you." With a golden bullet, moulded years ago, he killed himself.

The action of this book is excellently timed; suspense, terror, savage rhythm, all contribute to holding one's undivided interest.

Vandercook has successfully escaped the aridness so annoying in historical accounts without shading any of its authenticity. Certainly the old bromide "Truth is stranger than fiction" can be applied here, for one will hunt far and wide for a book as true and as vivid as this one.

—Hartnell Lockridge.

A NEW BOOK ON MODERN MUSIC

An advance copy of "The Rebirth of Hindu Music" by D. Rudhyar has just been received. It was published in India and will soon be on sale in the United States. A small booklet called Dissonant Harmony by the same author is also just off the press and is on sale at the Woodside Library.

HOW A BOY SEES IT ALL

By a Junior in High School.

This is a very hard composition to start and I do not like to write it. There are many things I do not like, which are too numerous to name, so I shall tell you only a few of them.

I do not like the way our government is acting in Nicaragua or in the Colorado coal fields. I am a strong communist, although I really am not old enough to think for myself, so people say, and I dislike them heartily for saying so. They say that I am too young to have any opinions on anything or to have the best knowledge of the subjects of which I speak. I grant that I am very young, but I think that I have a little sense; that is, more than people are wont to credit me with.

I am an atheist also. You probably think I am too young to know, but I think I know a little about it and if you remember what I said about people who say things like that, you will only think it. I could state many good reasons, founded on sound logic, as to why I am an atheist, but I did not start out with the intention of discussing religion.

I do not like the moving picture shows that are given here, for they are trivolous trash that does not lead one to think of any matters of the present which so vitally concern the young people of today.

I think that the people of today put too much stress on a college education. College is all right for one if one is going to be a doctor or engineer or scientist but if one is going to be an artist, poet, or an author, I think that it narrows one, and cramps one's style.

I am interested in the experiment that is taking place in Russia today and in their educational systeem. Although this is one of the greatest experiments that have ever taken place, our schools are not allowed to express the slightest interest in it or to teach anything about it, because the capitalist class of America is afraid that some day Russia may succeed in this communistic form of government and overthrow the ruling class of the world, which is very probable, and the longer they can stave it off the better for the capitalists.

Please kind reader don't get the impression that I dislike everything, for the things I like are far more numerous than those I dislike, so I shall just name one or two of them. The subject that heads the list is girls. I like girls and enjoy their company. Just being near them, being able to see them, to think of myself as a hero in their eyes gives me great joy. Of course, I am a hero only in my own small imagination, and they probably don't bother to take a second glance at me unless they know me. The girls must be pretty or they must have "it."

* * * *

P. S. On reading this over, it sounded very foolish, but I care not and shall leave it as I originally wrote it.

They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself.

They come through you, but are not from you—

And though they are with you, yet they belong not to you.

You may give them your love, but not your thoughts—

For they have their own thoughts.

You may house their bodies, but not their souls,

For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow,

Which you cannot visit, not even in your dreams.

You may strive to be like them, but make them not like yourselves.

—Kahlil Gibran in "The Prophet."

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* * * *

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* * * *

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The soul selects her own society,
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Obtrude no more.

Unmoved, she notes the chariot's pausing
At her low gate;
Unmoved, an emperor is kneeling upon
her mat.

I've known her from an ample nation
choose one;
Then close the valves of her attention
like stone.

—Emily Dickinson.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

Dane Rudhyar is a modernist composer who has been lecturing and writing on Dissonant Harmony. A booklet of his has just appeared under the title "Seed Ideas No. 1" Hamsa Publications, Carmel.

Sidney P. Robertson is a San Francisco attorney once associated in law practice with our fellow townsman John Catlin.

Elinor Smith is Nature Study teacher at the Sunset School, Mrs. Breinig's Adobe School and the Douglas School.

Garth Jeffers is the 11 year old twin son of the poet Robinson Jeffers.

"An American Student in Germany" is a Californian, who, after graduating from Yale, went round the world, studied geology in Stanford, and is now doing research at a German University.

Jane Todd owner of a large ranch on the Corral di Tierra, has recently opened an office of landscape gardening.

Helen Deusner, designer of gardens from Pasadena to Palo Alto, is her associate.

Margery Davis comes from Santa Barbara but was until recently in New York working on the staff of Time and doing book reviews for various New York papers.

Lexie Grant is one of this year's high school graduates and has gone to Mexico to study.

G. H. C. is an American journalist in Paris.

Hartnell Lockridge is a youth who graduated from high school at fourteen, and since then has travelled over many countries of Europe. He is a member of an old Monterey family.

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DIALOG ON OLYMPUS

Walter Lippmann, in American Inquisitors: A Commentary on Dayton and Chicago (Macmillan):

Socrates: You believe, Mr. Jefferson, that the majority should rule?

Jefferson: Yes, providing it does not infringe the natural rights of man.

Socrates: And among the natural rights of man, if I am not mistaken, is, as you once wrote, the right not to be compelled to furnish contributions of money for the propagation of opinions which he disbelieves and abhors. Mr. Bryan, I think, disbelieves and abhors the opinion that man evolved from a lower form of life.

Bryan: I do. It is a theory which undermines religion and morality.

Socrates: And you objected to being taxed for the teaching of such an opinion?

Bryan: I most certainly did.

Socrates: And you persuaded the representatives of a majority of the voters in one state to forbid this teaching in the schools they were compelled to support.

Bryan: It was an outrageous misuse of public funds.

Socrates: May I ask whether you meant that nobody should be taxed to support the teaching of an opinion which he disbelieved, or whether you meant that the majority shall decide what opinions shall be taught.

Bryan: I argued that if a majority of the voters in Tennessee believed that Genesis was the true account of creation, they had every right, since they pay for the schools, not to have the minds of their children poisoned.

Socrates: But the minority in Tennessee, the modernists, the agnostics, and the unbelievers, also have to pay taxes. Do they not?

Bryan: The majority must decide.

Socrates: Did you say you believe in the separation of church and state?

Bryan: I did. It is a fundamental principle.

Socrates: Is the right of the majority to rule a fundamental principle?

Bryan: It is.

Socrates: Is freedom of thought a fundamental principle, Mr. Jefferson?

Jefferson: It is.

Socrates: Well, how would you gentlemen compose your fundamental principles, if a majority, exercising its fundamental right to rule, ordained that only Buddhism should be taught in the public schools?

Bryan: I'd move to a Christian country.

Jefferson: I'd exercise the sacred right of revolution. What would you do, Socrates?

Socrates: I'd re-examine my fundamental principles.

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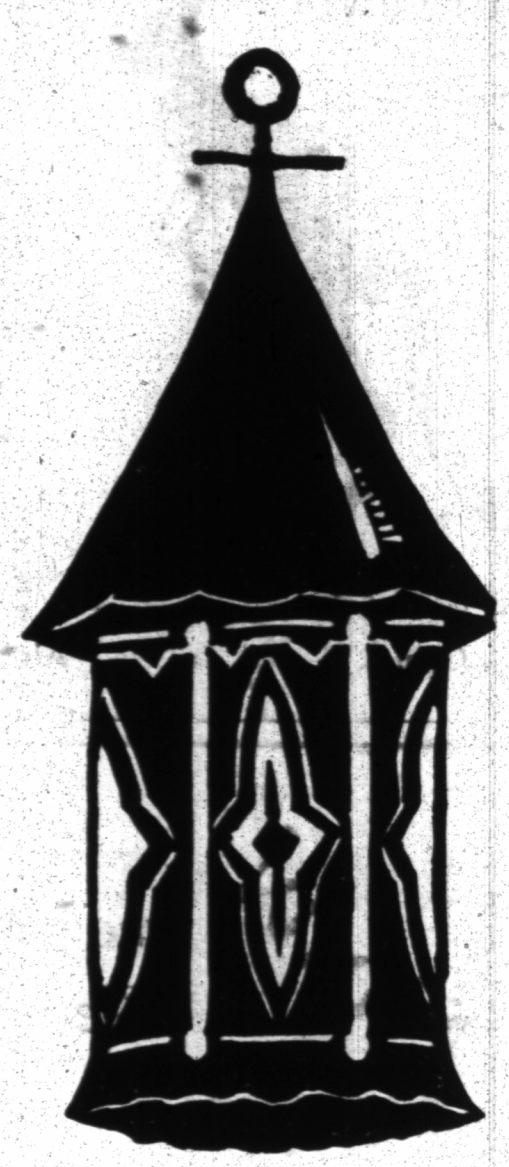

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POET'S COUNTRY

The poet Robinson Jeffers has laid the scene of one of his most beautiful poems in the mouth of

Mal Paso Canyon

which he describes as lying:

"Between the steep-up slopes and storm piled sea's
Green turbulance."

and where the characteristic country shows always

"beauty of canyon wild flowers, water
Dashing its ferns, oaktrees thrusting elbows at the wind, black oaks smoldering with foliage,
And the streaked beauty of white-oak trunks and redwood glens—"

and

"The redwoods shake their columns
of shadow,
Deep in darkness whisper the waters."

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